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Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIV. No. 9 MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 26, 1909. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

The Same Old Place.

'Did you ever notice,' said an old lady, smiling into the troubled face before her, 'that when the Lord told the discouraged fishermen to cast their nets again it was right in that same old place where they had been working all night and had caught nothing?

'If we could only go off to some new place every time we get discouraged, trying again would be an easier thing. If we could be somebody else, or go somewhere else, or do something else, it might not be hard to have fresh faith and courage; but it is the same old net in the same old pond for most of us.

'The old temptations are to be overcome, the old faults to be conquered, the old trials and discouragements before which we failed yesterday to be faced again to-day. We must win success where we are if we win it at all, and it is the Master Himself who, after all these toilful, disheartening efforts that we call failures, bids us "Try again."'

'However it seems to us, nothing can be really failure which is obedient to His command, and some bright morning "the great draught of reward will come."'—'Friendly Greetings.'

What a Wife Did.

About forty years ago, there dwelt in one of the fine agricultural towns of Central New York a man of much worldly prosperity, a farmer, with broad acres whose productiveness always filled his barns with plenty. When a little past middle age he lost his wife by death, and not long after returned to his native east to marry one of his schoolmates in the town where he had been brought up. She was a pious woman; but he was not religious, and had been in the habit of doing Sunday work on his farm whenever he conceived it necessary. This his old schoolmate was ignorant of.

In a few weeks after bringing his new wife to her new home, the haying harvest came on; and one Sunday morning, as the wife was superintending the preparation of the breakfast, she heard an unexpected noise outside of the grinding of scythes, and other indications of the usual assembling of the laboring hands; and stepping to the door to see, behold! there they were, ready for the lead of the master.

Turning on her heel and re-entering the house, she sought directly her husband, and looking earnestly in his eyes, she said to him in respectful, but firm tones, 'Marvin, did you bring me here to break my heart?'

The strong man looked at the feeble woman in silence for a moment or two, as though in prudent self-consultation, and with no direct reply to her turned himself to the door, and passing into the yard, waved his hand to his men, saying, 'I think we will do no more to-day, boys, but come early to-morrow morning.'

Thus the weak woman conquered; winning not so much a conquest for herself, as she did for the Sabbath and its ever afterward supremacy in that household and on that farm. And so, like the wise woman of whom Solomon speaks, she 'builded her house,' and did not foolishly 'pluck it down with her hands.'

And as she did, so can woman in general do in all civilized and Christian countries, if she has a heart and skill to use in this direction her weakness or her strength, whichever we may call it. Comparatively few husbands would brutishly override the conscientious scruples, or tyrannically deny the prudently expressed requests of a pious wife. And in this line of things who can set bounds to the beneficent and reformatory influence of woman?—'N. W. C. A.'

Use What You Have.

(By the Rev. Theodore Cuyler, D.D.)

Have you a little faith? Use what you have and pray for more. Christ will help you when you begin to follow Him, as a child that is learning how to walk. Don't be satisfied with half-way work; no number of half-Christians can make a whole one. Make a clean break with your old sins and old self, and lay firm hold on the Almighty Saviour. There was a good deal of pith in the answer of an humble servant-maid, who, when applying for admission to the church, was asked by her pastor what evidence she had of her conversion? Her reply was, 'Well—for one thing, I sweep now under the rugs and the door-mats.' The fatal mischief with some professors of religion is that they have left a sad amount of sin and selfishness under the doormats. 'Faith without works is dead.' The only proof you can give that you are trusting on Christ and following Christ is that you begin to keep Christ's commandments.

The Missionary Axe.

One day a missionary was preaching in the city of Benares. The large crowd was civil and attentive. At length a Braham said:

'Look at those men, and see what they are doing.'

'They are preaching to us,' replied the people.

'True. What has the sahib in his hand?'

'The New Testament.'

'Yes, the New Testament. But what is that? I will tell you. It is the Gospel axe, into which a European handle had been put. If you come to-day you will find them cutting; if you come to-morrow you will find them doing the same. And at what are they cutting? At our noble tree of Hinduism—at our religion. It has taken thousands of years for the tree to take root in the soil of Hindustan; its branches spread all over India; it is a noble, glorious tree. But these men come daily with the Gospel axe in their hand. But it is helpless. The Gospel axe is applied

daily, and although the tree is large and strong it must give way at last.'

'True,' replied the missionary, 'but many a handle gets worn out, and many a one breaks and it takes a long time until a new one is obtained from Europe.'

'Ah,' he answered, 'if that were all it would be well enough, and the tree would have respite; but what is the real case? No sooner a handle finds it can no longer swing the axe than it says, "What am I to do now? I am getting worn out; I can no longer swing the axe; am I to give up cutting? No, indeed! "He walks up to the tree, looks at it, and says, "Here is a branch out of which a handle might be made."

'Up goes the axe, down comes the branch; it is soon shaped into a handle; the European handle is taken out, and the native handle put in, and the swinging commences afresh. At last the tree will be cut down by handles made of its own branches.'—'Our Young Folks.'

God's Lights.

A little four-year-old inquired of her mother one moonlight night:

'Mamma, is the moon God's light?'

'Yes, Ethel,' replied the mother. 'His lights are always burning.'

Then came the next question from the little girl:

'Will God blow out His light and go to sleep, too?'

'No, my child,' replied the mother. 'His lights are always burning.'

Then the timid little girl gave utterance to a sentiment which thrilled the mother's heart with trust in her God.

'Well, mamma, while God's awake, I am not afraid.'—Selected.

Religious News.

A missionary in Borneo, visiting the villages where the Rhenish missionaries first began their work in Silindung, says:

One can hardly imagine that it is only fifty years since everything here lay in the darkest heathendom, when the villages were continually at war with one another, and the captives in war were eaten by the victors; when the valley echoed with the shouts of heathen feasts and the songs of sorcerers, and the powers of darkness had unlimited sway. Now you see everywhere industrious people working in the rice-fields, and friendly greetings meet you along all the roads. Here and there in the villages you hear the songs of the school-children, and see the little spire of a dependent church. In all Silindung, with its 20,000 inhabitants, there are now only a few heathen families. Heathen cruelty and heathen riot have disappeared, and instead at six o'clock every evening the bell for prayer sounds from one end of the dale to the other, and calls them to give thanks for what the Lord has done for the Batak folk, and to pray for His kingdom.—'Allgemeines Missions-Magazin.'

In the beginning of July a Russian mission congress was held in Kieff, in which representatives of the entire Orthodox clergy together with the three Metropolitans of St. Petersburg, Moscow and Kieff were present. The congress was not as the name implies so much concerned with missions to the heathen as with measures for defense of church interests, especially against Stundism and other forms of evangelical Christianity. What steps were suggested have not yet been reported. Religious freedom decreed by ukase is already much pared down in administration. The Russian clericals are continuously petitioning the government for fresh limitations.—Ernest Gordon, in the 'Missionary Review of the World.'

A missionary who has completed thirty years' service in educational work in South India, replying recently to an address from his old students, is reported to have said:

The work which we are nearly all engaged in is the conversion of India—a task more difficult, I believe, than any other task that the Church has ever been set excepting, perhaps, the conversion of the Roman Empire in the second century. The English have made a start, but the Indians will have to carry on that work to completion. The difficulty of the situation seems to be increasing every day. India is at last waking from its sleep of centuries; but we must not be misled by the turmoil in the political world. East and West have met with clash; new wine has been poured into old bottles, and Hinduism is being destroyed by the Hindus themselves.—'Life and Work.'

The Bishop of Uganda has just published two volumes which tell the wonderful growth of the Gospel in that region. Now, at the end of 18 years the number of baptized Christians in Uganda is over 60,000, of whom more than 30,000 have been baptized within the last five years. The communicants number 18,000. Of Mackay he says: 'His faith, his courage, his zeal, his intellectual capacity, his untiring industry combined to form one of the most remarkable characters of the age in which he lived. It will be long ere the impress which he left on the lives and characters of the Uganda will be effaced.'

Work in Labrador.

NURSE MAYOU'S REPORT ON SOME PATIENTS AT HARRINGTON.

Harrington Hospital,
Oct. 22, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—It is just a year to-day since I took up my abode in this hospital, and what a different looking building it is now from what it was then!

Since December, when the furnace was ready, we have had twenty-one patients; some have come by dog-sled, some by boat, and some Dr. Hare has brought in the launch, the 'Northern Messenger.' One, little Philip, who was in the Florence Nightingale cot, was a very sad case. In June, when Dr. Hare was on a trip to the west, he found in a little Newfoundland fishing schooner a lad of fifteen, delirious, unconscious, huddled in a little bunk not bigger than a bureau drawer, alone by himself all day, while the crew were away fishing; he had been engaged as cook. He had been like that for a week, and nothing had been done for him; the people on the shore had refused to take him into their houses, for somebody said that he had typhus fever. Dr. Hare brought the poor little lad here. He never regained consciousness, but we had the satisfaction of knowing that everything that was possible had been done for him, and he died amid clean surroundings. He had been the right hand of his mother, who is a widow in Newfoundland. I took his photograph after he was dead, that she might see how peaceful he looked.

Another patient, Mrs. D., has been a source of great satisfaction to us. On the evening of March 15 we heard voices and the welcome, not a pleasant one, that our dogs give to any strange team. At the door was a man with his wife and little boy, who would not be left behind. They had come eighty miles in a dog sled, hoping for a cure, or at least alleviating and nursing care for the woman. We warmed and fed her, and assured her that we would do the very best we could for her, but when her husband had carried her upstairs and she had been put to bed, I did not think she would be with us very long. She was tall, but weighed only seventy-eight pounds, just a skeleton covered with dry, tightly stretched yellow skin. She coughed incessantly, expectorating freely; she had not walked for three years, and her legs were drawn up at an acute angle; she could not raise her arms to her head; they and her hands, which were all out of shape, were useless. She was quite helpless and utterly dependent upon others, could neither feed herself nor turn in bed. But daily massage, baths, fresh air, tonics and a generous diet—they had been starving on bread and tea—soon began to have an effect. She went home last week walking unaided, able to do everything for herself, and having made a number of articles of clothing for her children. She was very grateful, and an exceedingly nice patient: she helped us so much by being determined to get well. A sanguine temperament is a great aid to recovery. Her neighbors had tried very hard to dissuade her from coming, they were sure the doctor would give her chloroform and cut her up and that she would be dead in less than a week!

We had in St. Luke's cot one of the best known and most popular characters on the coast; for thirty-five years he has carried the mails from Natashquan to Blanc Sablon, in the summer by a little sailing boat, in the winter by dog. He told me that often when overtaken by storm and night when far from any house, he has made a hole in the snow, called his dogs round him, and they have kept one another warm till the day broke and the storm abated. He has had many narrow escapes, especially in the spring when the ice is breaking up and the rivers and bays are unsafe to cross, but although he has had many wettings he has never lost a mail. He is most obliging and kind, his boat is often loaded with people, dogs, and parcels he is taking from one place to another along the coast.

I wish some more of our cots were named. We have but five plates, and when we have more than that number of patients unnamed beds have to be used. I expect that in time each one will have a sponsor, it would be nice if two could be added each year until all are named. The brass plates are quite an ornament to the ward walls, and are always bright.

Last winter during Dr. Hare's absences I had several trips 'on dog' to see patients. One night I was awakened at 1 a.m. by the sound of strange voices outside my window. Two men had come to see if I would go with them to a woman in need of help. As soon as I had got the sleep out of my eyes and collected what I knew I should want for the case, they tucked me into the dog sled, and off we started over the snow-covered hill and along the channel which separates us from the mainland. The light at that time of the night was so dim and hazy that the driver could not see how to guide the dogs, so we had to trust to them. The leader was a good one, and we arrived safely after a merry gallop over the ice and snow. I received a warm welcome from some tired out people, and when I came away some hours later I left behind a fine twelve-pound baby boy.

Another day I was called out of church by an anxious father, who had come with his dogs to see if I would not go with him to his little girl, who he thought was dying. It was only four miles away, so we were soon there, for the dogs went well. It was a case for immediate treatment and medication, and subsequent feeding. I was so glad to have some of the foods that have been sent us in the barrels, for tea, molasses, bread, and dried fish, are not the best diet for sick children.

In the summer I go by boat to outside calls, for the hospital is on an island, and have been on several calls this summer when Dr. Hare has been away.

I have told you of just a few of our patients here, just enough to show you that the hospital is really doing some good work. There are others who were so seriously ill that the doctor said they would have died if they had not been treated and nursed during his often protracted absences on komatik and launch.—'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

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LESSON.—SUNDAY, MARCH 7, 1909.

Philip and the Ethiopian.

Acts viii., 26-38. Memory verses, 29-31. Read Acts viii., 26-40.

Golden Text.

Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me. John v., 39.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 1.—Acts viii., 26-40.
Tuesday, March 2.—Isaiah 53.
Wednesday, March 3.—Psa. lxviii., 26-35.
Thursday, March 4.—Psa. cxix., 9-18.
Friday, March 5.—Luke xxiv., 13-31.
Saturday, March 6.—Matthew 3.
Sunday, March 7.—Rom. vi., 1-11.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

You all know that hymn we sing which begins 'There were ninety-and-nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold.' Which one of you can tell the story that Jesus told about that? This story about the one lost sheep that the shepherd went after until he found, teaches us that Jesus, like that shepherd, cares for each one of us and knows when any one of us goes away from Him or when we need His care, especially. We have a lesson to-day that is something like that story of the ninety-nine sheep and the one that was lost. It comes right after our last Sunday's lesson. Does any one remember what we learnt about Philip last Sunday, and who he was? He was one of the first deacons of the Christian Church in Jerusalem and he had to leave the city during Saul's persecution. He went as a missionary then to the Samaritans, and who can tell me whether he was successful or not? Yes, very successful. So many people believed in Jesus and became Christians, that a message was sent to Jerusalem for more helpers, so we see Philip was doing very good work. To-day we are to study how God took him away from teaching and preaching to all these people to go and look after just one man.

FOR THE SENIORS.

This lesson may be very helpfully taken up in the older classes along the lines suggested for the juniors, i.e., as an example of God's care for, and knowledge of, the individual. This solitary man from a far country, groping for God in darkness is seen and known of God (Psa. cxlv., 18; Isa. lix., 1) who has promised that whosoever seeketh shall find. Philip, too, was known of God as being the one most suited to help the man in need. God chose his instrument with care, even taking him from a field where he seemed, to human understanding, to be greatly needed. Another point of view from which to look at this lesson is the light that prophecy casts on Christ's birth and life on earth. To-day, how many a beautiful passage in the Old Testament a preacher can take and 'beginning at that same scripture,' can preach unto his hearers, Jesus, the Saviour of men, the Messiah of the Jews, the fulfiller of prophecy. Philip had a great precedant for his powerful sermon (Luke xxiv., 25-27). Very convincing must have been the words of the evangelist for such a practical man as the custodian of the Ethiopian queen's treasure, to have given the exhortation instant obedience. Viewed as a missionary lesson this is of a great appeal. Moreover, it is the lesson specially recommended by the Missionary Committee in the preparation of these lessons for treatment as a missionary lesson. Philip has been doing most successful missionary work in Samaria, work taken up also by the two apostles Peter and John themselves (verse 25), but God would send His light still further out into the darkness of the world. The Ethiopian is to be His messenger in this case, but Philip must do the preparing. How God made His will so plainly evident to Philip, whether by visible messenger, audible voice, or inward consciousness, the sense of God's guidance is trustfully acknowledged by many of His true children to-day. 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine,' said Christ (John vii., 17), and it is the ready acting on the revealed will of God, that will always bring the further light so earnestly desired. The slight difference that may be seen by comparing verses 32, 33 with Isaiah liii., 7, 8, is owing to the fact that the quotation in to-day's lesson is taken from the Greek version of the scripture, the Septuagint, in which it was most natural for this foreigner to be reading. The Greek language was the language of world culture at the time, and a man of such power and rank would be sure to know it. It is the language in which the New Testament is written.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

'Search the Scriptures.'—A student in one college was confessing to me that he did not believe in the resurrection of Jesus Christ, but in answer to my question he admitted that he had never spent a connected hour in weighing evidence on this subject. In Australia I noticed that they often found the gold dust on or near the surface, but that as a rule the nuggets were discovered by digging. In the gold districts of our western states the largest output of gold is the result of a cyanide process in connection with which the ore is crushed and by various processes the precious metal is extracted. So to-day the men who are bringing the richest treasures from the mines of God are those who are giving themselves to the most thorough-going processes of meditation. There is no symmetrical, constant, healthy development of the spiritual life apart from reflection upon the truth of God. The absence of this explains why so many Christians are not growing, but rather standing still or going back spiritually.

Have a favorable place of meditation. Have a regular time for meditation. Give sufficient time to meditation. Use the Bible as the basis and guide in meditation.

Without the Bible this process may make one morbid, melancholy, selfish and fanatical, whereas with the Bible it is a most fruitful exercise. The question may present itself, what topics would you suggest for meditation? Every one ought to ponder frequently the facts concerning his own sin and concerning the sufficiency of Jesus Christ to meet all his need. If a man does not do this he is likely to become proud and self-sufficient, and one might spend an hour a day for a month on the Scriptural terms which unfold the secret of forgiveness; or the secret of becoming Christ-like; or the secret of becoming fruitful; or the secret of immortal hope. Ponder Christ's claims about Himself. Study meditatively His character. This in itself is a theme which one could never exhaust. Condensed from an artile on 'Religious Meditation' by John R. Mott, in 'Northfield Echoes.'

There is no book that will repay time spent on its pages as will the word of God.—F. B. Meyer.

I speak as a man of the world to men of the world; and I say, Search the Scriptures!—John Quincy Adams.

Let us live our Bibles: do not discuss them so much; put a bit more in at the living.—Gipsy Smith.

The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever-growing influence of the Bible.—William H. Seward.

We can never think a text dull or small after we have once looked deep into its depths.—Phillips Brooks.

One of the greatest obstacles with which we have to deal in our Bible-study is the idea that the Bible can be studied somehow without any effort, at any time, without any knowledge.—Charles Foster Kent.

Young man, my advice to you is that you cultivate an acquaintance with and a firm belief in the Holy Scriptures—this is your certain interest.—Franklin.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 7.—Topic—Stephen, the first martyr. Acts vii., 54-60. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, March 1.—My confessional. Ps. li.

Tuesday, March 2.—My shepherd. Ps. xxiii.

Wednesday, March 3.—My war-song. Ps. lxviii., 1-c.

Thursday, March 4.—My King. Ps. ii.

Friday, March 5.—My Saviour. Ps. xxii., 1-11.

Saturday, March 6.—My home. Ps. xc., 1-12.

Sunday, March 7.—Topic—Life lessons for me from the Psalms. Ps. xlvi., 1-11. (Consecration meeting.)

Removing Stumbling-blocks.

(Arthur E. Storrie, in the 'Christian.')

One of the principal ways in which Hindoos think that they can obtain salvation is by accumulating 'merit.' This thought enters into nearly every detail of their lives, and this word 'merit' is ever upon their lips. There are innumerable ways whereby 'merit' can be acquired. Amongst the more common ways are by repeating the name of a god (Hindoo children are nearly always named after a god, for then, when the parents call the child, they take the name of a god, and so acquire a little merit!); by giving alms (hence the thousands of religious beggars); and by torturing the body.

Occasionally one comes across a new device called into being by the special need of the one who is seeking to store up 'merit' against the evil day. One evening, while going to a village to seek to make Jesus Christ known, I saw in the distance a figure that every now and again bent down. It was an old man, throwing to the side any loose stones that might be lying on the road. I asked him: 'Old friend, why are you doing this?'

'I am a poor man,' he replied. 'I have no money to give to the priests, and so to gain "merit" I am gathering the loose stones off the road, so that others will not stumble over them!'

'And how far have you come?'

'My village,' said he, 'is sixty miles away.'

I thought, surely here is a soul who has the burden of sin, and will gladly hear of Jesus.

He would not stay to listen, and so passed on. But if the poor old man would not take my message, he all unconsciously left one with me. Think of that old Hindoo, for a good sixty miles, throwing the loose stones off the road, 'so that others should not stumble'! What a blessed office, to remove stumbling-blocks from the way of others!

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

Canadian Pictorial

[For use of our readers who get the 'Messenger' through a club or Sunday School and who wish to order the 'Pictorial' alone.]

.. ..

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Enclosed find seventy-five cents (.75c) which with this coupon will pay for a year's subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial' (regular rate, $1.00), according to special offer made to 'Messenger' readers.

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This cut rate good for all Canada outside Montreal and suburbs, also districts mentioned in list on page 15.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by six, printed in purple and white and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

L.D.S., Maxwell, Ont., is a grown-up who has a suggestion for our league, something that all can do, and that is, set themselves against the destruction of our little friends the birds. 'A beautiful little nuthatch,' writes this correspondent, 'used to come to our window looking for some food. We generally kept the window ledge covered with bread crumbs, or scraps of meat. If we forgot to leave the provisions out in the evening we were sure to hear the little bird, early next morning, scolding quite vigorously at our neglect. It was so tame it would allow us to nearly catch it. But one day a boy came with a gun and killed our pet. Apart from the cruelty of killing harmless birds it is a loss to the country, for they consume myriads of insects which if not thus destroyed would ruin the fruit crop, and also injure the grain.'

Yes, don't let us forget that the birds are really our friends, how much so great scientists are just beginning to find out, and if in return for all their good work for us they take a little grain or fruit, let us remember at such times the great good they do. Certainly the R. L. of K. members can do much to help the birds.

The new members for this week are Tillie Mallo, S., Ont.; Gwen G. Hallett, C., Alta.; Margaerita H. F. Ellis, E., N.S.; F. M. Golden, and Isetta A. Golden, N. E. H., N.S.; Bella Rivington, C., Ont.; Winnie Van Allen, Bertha Van Allen, Robena Beggs, Joy Bryan, Lucy Van Allen, Ruth Percival, and Freda Sweet, M., Ont.; Murdena Creelman, and Gracie Creelman, P., N.S.; Lottie Goring, S. C., Ont.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two white rabbits as pets. In winter time I skate, slide and ski, and I spend most of my summer holidays on the farm at my grandpa's in Lancaster. I think I have the answers to the conundrums, January 29, given by Margaret Jackson. The second is 'love,' and the last, 'Balmoral Castle was built for a sovereign, and bought for a crown.'

LYALL McG. WIGHTMAN.

[Your first answer was wrong, Lyall, although it fitted well. Ed.]

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We are having some very cold weather just now. Our school is closed, for the scarlet fever is in C. We had a Christmas tree and a concert. My brother and I got some nice presents. I have a kitten and she eats pickled beets.

ADDIE L. SHEFFIELD (aged 10).

R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—Although I have never written to you before, I have often thought of doing so. I live on a farm. My father is a breeder of Shropshire Sheep and exhibits at Halifax nearly every year. We have two horses and eight Ayrshire cows and one Scotch collie dog. R. is a small country place with a river running through it. The river is called Middle River.

JOHN T. McPHERSON.

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a letter. I am seven years old. I go to school and am in the Second Grade. I like to go to school very much. I go to Sunday School, too, where I am in the Primary Class. I have a brother whose name is Lawrence, and a dear little sister whose name is Faith. She is two years old.

CAROL CASS.

S. E., P.Que.

Dear Editor,—I have to go two miles to get to school, but do not walk all the way. In winter when we can cross the ice my papa takes us right to school. Some days it is very, very cold, then I cannot go. But I have been on some very cold days. Three of my cousins are staying with us and are going with us to school. Santa Claus was very good to me, he sent me lots of presents. My sister and I have about thirty dolls between us, but some of them are pretty old.

AILSA E. R. WOODWARK.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Flag.' Frederic Fluhman, J., Que.
2. 'Penknife.' Elsie G. (aged 10), F., N.B.
3. 'Pear and Apple.' Greta M. McElhinney (aged 10), F. V., N.S.
4. 'Chickens.' Laurie Kerr (aged 11), M. H., Ont.
5. 'Newsboy.' Eugene S. Roop (aged 13), S., N.S.
6. 'Building the Nest.' Isetta Golden (aged 14), N. E. H., N.S.
7. 'Thoisday.' Phillis Martin (aged 6), M., N.S.
8. 'Rabbit.' William L. Murray, R., N.S.
9. 'Cat.' Agnes Greene, L., Ont.
10. 'Ocean Steamer.' W. Ray Howes (aged 9), H., Ont.
11. 'Cat's Head.' Russell Wood (aged 9), A., Ont.
12. 'Topsy.' Verlie E. Parnell (aged 9), S. R., Que.
13. 'My Pony "Sandy".' Jean Lockie (aged 9), K., B.C.
14. 'A Pansy.' Myrtle Sider (aged 9), N. D., Ont.
15. 'A Vase.' Bessie Carment (aged 10), K., Sask.
16. 'My Pussie.' Nannie Lindstrom (aged 14), K., Sask.
17. 'A Chair.' Willis H. Graham (aged 11), U. S., N.S.
18. 'Horse's Head.' Clifford Lawrence (aged 9), B., Man.
19. 'My Noah's Ark.' Elna Lindstrom (aged 13), K., Sask.
20. 'A House.' Walter Mitchell (aged 10), B. C., Ont.
21. 'Texas Scene.' F. M. Macdonald (aged 14), M. C., N.B.
22. 'Silver Brooch.' Ida M. Cooke (aged 12), H., P.E.I.
23. 'Street Car.' Adelene England (aged 8), L. J., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Marion Jardine, C., Ont., writes to say she received her 'pledge card and pretty pin some time ago. We go to Sunday School in the summer but we cannot in the winter, because we have three miles to go.'

Fannie M. Roop, S., N.S., thinks her home 'a pretty little village. In its near vicinity is one of the largest and best equipped mills in the Dominion.' Your question has been asked before, Fannie.

Edna D. Price, B., N.S., says 'we had nice sleighing, but the rain took it all away.'

Melville H., T., Que., writes 'I have a colt named "Lassie." We are breaking her in this winter. She is iron grey and won first prize at Richmond fair in the fall.'

Freddie McElwain, C. E., Ont., says 'I am very fond of skating and skate every spare time I have.'

Molly Lynn, Q., Ont., is another skater. 'Near our house is a small stream of water called Black Creek. It is frozen over now and we have good fun skating on it.'

Roy H. Hunter, H., N.B., writes a very neat little letter and sends a riddle, but does not send any answer for it.

Harry Rivington, C., Ont., says 'we have a large school house with two furnaces and two playrooms, one for the boys and one for the girls.'

Flora May Lockie, K., B.C., lives in 'a pretty place' and has 'a pretty brown and white calf' while her brother 'Cecil has a pretty saddle pony.' Flora seems to be the right kind of a girl.

Ernest Mills, P. H., N.S., says 'we have an ox and we haul all of the wood with him.'

Wilfred Alguire, O. C., Ont., goes to school 'just across the road from our place. I had my arm broken but it is getting better now.'

Alice Jess, S. B., N.S., says 'My mamma is dead and I live with grandpa and grandma. I have not seen my papa for over three years.'

Greta McElhinney, F. V., N.S., writes 'My sister and I were in the town of T. three days and had a nice time. We heard the chimes play a number of tunes which sounded fine.'

R. Stinchcombe, M., Ont., says 'I get the "Messenger" through the mail. We have the post office in the house and every Thursday night I am there to get it.' The riddle enclosed has been asked before.

We also received little letters from Margaerita H. F. Ellis, U. S., N.S., and Isetta and Frances M. Golden, N. E. H., N.S., three of our new R. L. of K. members; from Pearl H., Willis H., and Dannie Graham, U. S., N.S.; Elsie Gould, F., N.B.; Ethel M. Lawrence, M. H., N.S.; Ida M. Cooke, H., P.E.I.; Sadie F. McKiggan, M. C., N.S.; Katie McGregor, C., Ont; Meta Elliott, T., Nfld. (you only need a two cent stamp to write to Canada, Meta); Marian E. Farrow, T., Sask.; I. P. Carr, S. B., N.B.; Nettie E. Middleton, T., Ont., and Ethel Brown Young, H., Ont.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Boy's Whistle.

(Mrs. A. Stephenson, Greencastle, Ind., in the 'M. C. Advocate.')

I like a boy that whistles at his work,
He isn't very apt to be the kind that likes to shirk,
He digs away with zest,
And always does his best,
And there isn't any room for Mr. Laziness to lurk.

I like a boy that whistles at his play,
I'd like to have that jolly kind of boy around each day.
We welcome his glad cheer,
His whistle sounding clear,
And it makes the tasks we have to do seem easier and gay.

Facts versus Fancy.

Not Exactly a Fairy Story.

(E. G. O., in the 'Eagle.')

Master Dick was a very smart boy. He must have been a very smart boy, because whenever there was an advertisement asking for a smart boy in the local paper, all the friends of Dick's family sent the cutting to Dick's father or to Dick himself, saying that he was just the boy required.

Now Dick had earned his reputation for smartness in this way. He never believed what anybody told him until he had proved it for himself. It was no use telling him you'd seen it in the paper.' Even books, beautiful books with gilt edges and colored illustrations, he would not believe. 'How do you know it's true?' he would ask smartly, with his hands in his pockets, and a scornful smile about his upper lip. His teachers trembled in his presence and grey-headed old gentlemen who came to dinner supped in dismal silence, not daring to breathe a word of their favorite dinner story. As for the fairy tales that delighted the hearts of his sisters and younger brothers, he laughed them to utter scorn. 'Fancy reading that rubbish!' he would say with the air of one who solved all the mysteries in creation.

One day his father, wishing to please the smart son of whom he stood somewhat in awe, handed Dick the daily paper. 'There's something that will interest you, Dick,' he said. 'You know it's no use my reading it, Dad,' replied Dick, 'you know I shan't believe it.' 'Well, just to oblige you, I will this time.' So Dick read a paragraph to the effect that fairy tales were no longer to be read in the schools of the United States; henceforth only facts were to be doled out to the rising youth of America.

'Always knew the Yankees were the smartest lot going!' declared Dick, enthusiastically—and, for the moment, forgetfully.

'But you don't believe that report is true?' ventured Dick's mother, mildly.

'Well—er—frankly, I don't!' retorted Dick, hastily quitting the room to reflect alone upon the fact that it is difficult for even a smart boy to be always quite consistent. The truth was that he wanted to believe that paragraph, because it exactly voiced his own opinion. Fairy tales were 'rot.' What on earth was the good of them? Give him facts, whole facts, and nothing but facts. Then people should then see what a smart boy could do with them!

Now, how the next thing came about he never could tell. If it had not been for its effects upon himself he might have declared that it never did happen at all—that it was merely a dream, the results of a too-hearty dinner, for like most lovers of hard, undiluted fact, Dick was tremendously fond of a very substantial meal. 'No airy trifles for me,' he would say to the cook. 'Give me something solid.'

Well, you can put it down to a heavy dinner if you like, but the fact remains that after dinner Dick found himself first on the dining-room sofa and then in a strange apartment, full of beings whom he had never met in real life—fairies, satyrs, wizards, all the absurd folk that peopled the stories he had read in early, misguided—as he considered it—youth.

The annoying part was that he found himself in chains among this ridiculous crowd, and though he was loth to believe it, they were evidently laughing at him.

'Pooh!' he said, rattling his chains, 'you can laugh if you like. It won't trouble me. I don't believe in one of you! So there!'

At that all the company burst into an uproar of merriment, which, however, ceased suddenly, and Dick saw that the sudden silence was due to the arrival of an important looking personage, who, judging by the crown he wore, was a king at least. An obliging elf whisperingly informed Dick that it was indeed the King of Fancy.

'The King of Fancy! What an absurd title!' murmured Dick, nevertheless distinctly interested in the appearance of His Majesty, who by this time had mounted a white throne which had mysteriously risen up in the center of the chamber.

'Place the prisoner before me,' said the king, and immediately a hundred satyrs rushed to do his bidding. Dick found himself at the foot of the throne in spite of himself, and his angry protests of 'It's no earthly use—I don't believe in you.'

'So this is the Factling, is it?' said the king, eyeing Dick curiously. 'This is the smart fellow who can't believe in anything that his eyes have not seen or his fingers have not touched. What marvellous eyes and fingers he must have! Show them to me.'

So Dick had to stretch out his ten rather grimy fingers for inspection.

'Dear me,' said the King, 'they are quite ordinary fingers; most ordinary! I expected to find them endowed with some special powers. Can you stretch your arms across the ages of the past, Factling?' the king asked suddenly.

'Why—er—no, Your Majesty,' faltered Dick.

'Can your hand grasp the future, then?' queried the monarch.

'I—I don't believe so,' came again the reluctant answer.

'Then as far as your hands are concerned you believe that there never was any past, and that there will never be any future—eh? Let me see your eyes.'

Dick opened his eyes as wide as he could. Somebody had once described him as 'a sharp-eyed lad' in his hearing. He now hoped that the king would discover similar merit in his organs of vision.

'Um—quite ordinary eyes, if I am not mistaken,' said the king. 'Bring me the egg of a small fly.'

An obedient gnome at once placed something on the table.

'Now describe that egg to me exactly,' said the king.

'I—I—I can't see it,' said Dick, peering hard at the spot where the egg was supposed to be.

'Then I suppose for you there is no such thing as the egg of a small fly. Perhaps you are what they call long-sighted, though. Look up at the sky.'

At the king's words the roof of the chamber rolled back, disclosing the black vault of night, with not a star visible.

'Now count all the stars you can see,' said the king, quite pleasantly.

'I—I'm afraid I can't see any,' was all that Dick could say.

'Then, of course, you will not believe that there are, nevertheless, millions and millions of stars in existence. Dear me! I'm afraid your eyes and hands are rather limited members, my friend, after all.' And the King smiled. The smile was the signal for a resounding laugh of mockery from the assembly.

The sound made Dick's blood boil. His face flushed, and he shouted angrily: 'If you think you have the laugh over me you have not. The egg and the stars are facts—just like wireless telegraphy, and phonographs, and flying machines, and electricity, and—and—lots of things that my eyes can't exactly see or my hands exactly handle. What I object to is—is—imagination.'

He hurled the word at them as if he expected to see them all vanish at the sound of it. But the King continued to smile.

'Now we have got to the root of our quarrel,' he said affably, 'and I should like to have a talk with you on the subject—a private talk!' And with a wave of his scepter the chamber was emptied and Dick found himself reclining comfortably on a couch, freed of his chains.

'So you object to imagination,' began the King.

'I don't like lies,' Dick answered, hotly. 'I want to hear only the truth. That is why I hate fairy tales and all that rot.'

'Um. I see. You want only the truth. Did it ever occur to you now, that all those five things—facts, I believe you called them—which you mentioned just now, would have been called fairy tales only a hundred years ago? You, yourself, had you been born in 1808, would have said that a newspaper article on a successful flying machine, for instance, was a lie from beginning to end. Now wouldn't you?'

'I—I suppose I should,' Dick forced himself to admit.

'Think a moment of the many marvellous inventions of your age—including the absurdly familiar steam engine. Picture them, if you can, as mere fancies, as they once were, my friend.'

'The steam engine once a mere fancy?' shouted Dick, standing up in astonishment.

'Pray don't disturb yourself. Of course the steam engine was once a fancy. So were all the mighty facts you quoted just now. In short, my friend, everything accomplished by man in this world, even your very substantial dinner, had to be a fancy before it could become a fact.'

At those words Dick sank back upon the couch, overcome by the tremendous statements. He closed his eyes and tried to think of something—anything—which had not first to be imagined before it became a reality. He could think of nothing—even the handkerchief that he was twisting in his fingers a moment before owed its actual existence to a sometime fancy.

The King gave him time to ponder over the revelation. At last he said:

'Now, my friend, I think you will see how foolish it is to take up arms against imagination. Imagination is the wizard of the world. Without it you can have no inventions, no progress. Also, without it, my young friend, you can have no milk of human kindness, without which all your inventions are in vain.'

Dick opened his eyes at the last words. How could imagination help people to treat their neighbors well? He listened attentively to the King's next words.

'When you hear of evil having befallen a group of human beings—say, miners buried in their awful workshop, sailors at the mercy of sea and tempest, men, women and children starving for lack of daily work, what is it that stirs your soul to pity—moves your hand toward your pocket—raises your voice in support of precautions and laws that may help to assuage their terrible lot? What is it, I say? Must you suffer an explosion in a mine? Must you be shipwrecked? Must you go to bed and rise supperless and breakfastless? Must you yourself undergo all these pains before you hold out your hand in help? No, imagination teaches you, grips at your heart and mind, and points for you the path of charity and loving kindness.'

Dick, smart as he was, had no answer.

'When I hear men, and even—so it seems a whole nation crying down imagination,' continued the King, his voice trembling with the fervor of his emotion, 'when I hear these things, I turn with loathing from the spectacle of the future, when men shall have lost sympathy with the unknown, and care for nothing that their eyes cannot see and their hands cannot handle—when invention shall have ceased, and divinely given wonder shall have been crushed under the deadly wheels of fact.'

'But,' asked Dick, sufficiently humble in tone by this time, 'how can reading fairy tales and queer old myths and all that sort of thing help anybody?'

'Anything that stirs the imagination—anything that teaches children or men to wonder raises them from among the beasts. Ask your scientists, ask your philosophers, ask—Peter Pan!'

At that familiar name—one which Dick had often treated with derision, because Peter Pan was only the hero of a fairy tale—Dick sprang up only to fall at the feet of the King in humble obeisance.

'King, great King of Fancy,' he said, 'I will no longer be content with only facts. I, too, will become one of your subjects, so that I, too, perhaps, may add to the learning, the progress, the humanizing of the world. Let me but conceive one noble fancy, and I will leave the facts to——'

'Lesser souls,' added the King gently, 'any machine can grind out facts, but imagination, vital, all-compelling imagination, is given only to master minds, in whose fancies lie the destiny of the world.'

* * * *

After this strange adventure, Dick was no longer regarded by the friends of the family as smart. Instead they began to call him an 'idle dreamer.' But Dick only smiled a slow, thoughtful smile. He knew now that it is only dreams that can come true.

Keep Clean All the Way.

It was on a transcontinental train. We were fellow passengers and had become quite well acquainted by reason of our sharing the same section for a day or so. He was a young man full of hopes and ambitions. Learning who I was, he became quite confidential, and told me of his plans for the future and the purpose of the present journey.

He was on his way to a western town to marry the sweetheart of his boyhood days. On the second day, after a very dusty ride across the desert, I missed him for a time. He soon came back from the toilet room, cleanly washed and shaved, his clothing neatly brushed and fresh linen in place of the soiled.

I said to him, 'You must be getting near the end of your journey, to where you will meet your future bride.'

'Oh, no,' said he; 'I find that the best way to be clean at the end of the journey is to keep clean all the way along.'

Oh, if the young men and women of our day would not put off cleaning up until the end of the journey! If they would not think that they will have time enough to prepare to die! If they could only be made to realize that it is a far more serious thing to live than it is to die, and that the only way to be clean at the end of the journey is to get clean now and to keep clean!—'M. C. Advocate.'

Happiness.

The possession of happiness is the desire of all. To-day, as always, men and women are in pursuit of happiness. But how infinite the lines of pursuit and the character of the things sought that are to be to them a source of happiness! According to the Scriptural idea, contentment is the foundation rock on which all happiness is founded. Yet how few there are who realize this and are at complete rest and ease of mind! Alas, how few have learned to discern the true meaning of—'to live'!

There is a difference of opinion as to the true meaning and source of human happiness. The reason for this is that men and women, as a rule, know but little about the subject and have not a large vision of the nature of happiness.

A writer says: 'Happiness; what is it? That phantom of which we hear so much and see so little? Aristippus pursued her in pleasure; Socrates in learning and wisdom, and Epicurus in both; but she bestowed her endearments on neither. None bid so high for her as kings, but she has no more respect for kings than for subjects. Antony sought her in affection, Brutus in glory, and Caesar in dominion. The first found disgrace, the second disgust, the third ingratitude, and each destruction.'

God is the giver of true happiness, and it is not to be found in selfishness and pursuit of worldly pleasures and riches, but the rather in service for others. In having a care for others and aiming to see their side of life, we will learn more of duty, and in the performance of duty some measure of happiness must come. By entering into the sorrows as well as the joys of others, by sharing somewhat of their trials, disappointments and privations, we may find the royal road leading to the possession of true happiness. For Jesus teaches that He Himself found his true source of happiness in rendering unselfish service to and for others.—'Central Christian Advocate.'

At the Well.

We who have always plenty of water at command, and who use it and waste it more carelessly than any other article necessary for our daily life, can scarcely understand how these people live who have to draw water like this poor Soudanese from a rude well dug in the sandy, stony desert.

See how small is the quantity that he is bringing up with all his labor!

'Not enough for the baby's bath,' suggests Maud, shaking her wise little head.

And she is right, but it is enough for his

A SOUDANESE DRAWING WATER.

breakfast, and for his master's breakfast also; and as he cannot obtain water in any other manner for himself and his family and cattle, he is obliged to draw water in this way until he has sufficient for the time being, and then you may be sure he uses it very carefully, for without water neither man nor beast can live.

'But why does he take all that trouble? why does he not catch the rain?' asked Lizzie; 'or why does he not get it from a river? He could get plenty then without half the trouble.'

'Probably he is far away from the river Nile,' replies her mother, 'and rain does not fall in the country in which he lives; and there are no large wide-spreading trees to shield him from the blazing sun, so he is obliged to go to the wells early in the morning or in the evening, though the sun sets in a much shorter time than it does in England, and they have no soft twilight in the Soudan as we have here.'

'But how the water gets to the bottom of the well is what I should like to know,' remarks Jack, thoughtfully. 'If the sun is so hot, and there is no rain, and the river is a long way off, where does the water come from?'

'The water at the bottom of a well comes from a natural spring, my dear,' replies his mother. 'Many miles away from this spring there is a range of high hills, the tops of which are often hidden with thick clouds that dissolve into water, which penetrates into the ground, and this goes on until the pressure from above drives the little streams through rocks and sand until they find an outlet like a well, which they fill up. If the volume of water is great it overflows the side of the well and becomes a stream, which, meeting other streams, swells into a river, and travels on, let the distance be ever so great, until it finds its way to the sea.'

'There are wells mentioned in the Bible, are there not?' asks Lizzie.

'Certainly, my dear; it was by Jacob's well that Jesus sat when a woman of Samaria came to draw water; and when He asked her for water to drink she objected, inquiring

how He, being a Jew, asked water from her, a woman of Samaria; and when He answered and told her, that had she known Who spoke to her she would have asked of Him, and He would have given her living water, she answered foolishly, 'Sir, Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence then hast Thou that living water?' Jesus answered her, 'Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' (John, iv., 11, 13, and 14th verses.)—'Sunday Reading.'

Jimmie Dickson's Dream Lesson.

(Charles Sloan Reid in the 'Advocate and Guardian.')

Jimmie Dickson was a great little trapper, and the field of his operations embraced all the deep woods haunts of the rabbits. He had made a number of rabbit boxes, or 'gums,' as they were called by the old darkey who had taught him how to make them. These boxes had doors in the end of them, which were set by triggers, and inside of the boxes Jimmie would put such tempting bait as turnips, pieces of cabbage, apples and green corn, thus enticing the little creatures into the snares prepared for them.

He had his traps set at various points throughout the forest, and visited each one of them daily; and, unfortunately for the little four-footed innocents, scarcely a day passed that did not record a capture for the assiduous little trapper. He had a large pen in the rear of his father's barn, in which he kept his little prisoners, thus, though he fed them and gave them water regularly, depriving them of what was the dearest privilege of their lives, freedom to go at will among the forests and sedge fields.

One morning, when Jimmie was returning from his rounds with a mother rabbit in his hand, held carelessly by the hind legs, he was met at the edge of the forest by Parson Goodwarden, who stopped him with the question:

'What are you going to do with that poor creature, Jimmie?'

'Going to put her in my pen,' answered the boy.

'How many have you in your pen?'

'Oh, I don't know; maybe a dozen,' was the answer.

'Now let me ask you another question,' Parson Goodwarden went on. 'Suppose some great giant, say as tall as that huge pine across there, should come into the country and go to catching up the fathers and mothers of all your little friends and carrying them away to some prison, from which they might never come out alive. Suppose he should begin by taking little Bennie Brown's father, then your Aunt Polly Meadows and your Uncle Simon Crawford and all of the other good fathers and mothers around here, one after another, and should at last take away little Jimmie's father and mother, leaving little Jimmie and his brothers and sisters to die for want of some one to feed them. And suppose you had absolutely no way to destroy this great giant, or any manner prevent his capturing the people, wouldn't you think such a giant a most terrible monster, and that some terrible fate should overtake him?'

'Yes, sir,' faltered Jimmie; but the next moment he tightened his grip, as the rabbit struggled for freedom.

'Now, that is a mother rabbit,' continued the parson, 'and no doubt has some little ones somewhere in the woods that will die if she does not come back to them.'

Jimmie swallowed a little lump out of his throat, but began to back away from the parson, and was soon far enough away, he thought, to turn about and hurry on toward home, still holding his prisoner fast by the legs.

But the minister's parable bore fruit. That night Jimmie Dickson dreamed that he was making the usual rounds of his rabbit boxes, and had visited all of them but one, finding the doors of all standing open. But when he came in sight of the last one he saw that the door was down. This box was near an old dead pine, and was the one from which he had taken most of his prisoners. Jimmie hurriedly approached the box in his eagerness to have his hands on the prisoner. But, as he ran forward and was about to stoop down in front of the box, the ground beneath his feet suddenly gave way, and he felt himself sinking swiftly into the earth until only his neck and head remained above the surface.

Then the loosened mould closed in upon him, pinning his arms to his sides. He struggled desperately to free himself, to extricate his body from the suffocating clasp of the earth, but every effort only lessened his strength and caused the mould to settle more firmly about him. He shouted for help, but only the echo of his own voice came ringing back to him out of the hollow of the deep woods. Again and again he cried out for help, but he was in the loneliest part of the forest, in a part which was seldom visited by any one except himself; and the awful horror of his situation filled him with the deepest despair.

Struggle as he might, he could gain absolutely nothing. Shout as loud as he could, his cries brought nothing back to his ears but echo's repetitions. Jimmie thought of his father and mother, and of each little brother and sister. How he longed to see them, just to touch their garments with his poor benumbed fingers! The tears coursed down his cheeks until his eyelids burned. It seemed that hours passed. He wondered if his father would ever think to search these old woods so far away from home, when his boy should be missed.

At last he ceased to struggle, ceased to shout, but the tears continued to flow, and they burned his eyelids severely. Now little Jim remained very quiet for a long time, then he became conscious of a pair of the softest round eyes gazing upon him through a small crack at the top of the door of his rabbit gum, and they were gazing, it seemed to Jim, reproachfully, yet so tenderly. The little trapper's tears increased, and sob after sob escaped his aching breast. But just when he had reached, it seemed to him, the last stage of despair, the sound of a low voice reached his ears, and he knew that it came from inside of the rabbit gum. He knew that the owner of those round, soft eyes was speaking, and he listened.

'Poor, dear, little boy,' said the voice, 'I am so sorry for you, yet I am powerless to give you that help which I would so willingly give could I but free myself from the prison I am in. I know your mother would be so thankful to an old mother rabbit for helping her child to freedom. I know how grief-stricken she will be when she learns how her boy perished in the woods, with no one to help him. I have three little ones at home, who have been watching for my return since last night, and will perish unless by some fortunate chance I am liberated from the prison into which I have fallen in my eagerness to get something with which to appease the hunger of those dear ones. I have attempted to gnaw my way out, but the thick boards defy my efforts. Could I but get out I would first help you to freedom, that your mother might be rejoiced at the safe return of her child, then I would hasten away to a little den in the sedge field, where three loved ones are waiting for me.'

Jimmie looked at the soft eyes which had never once taken their gaze from his face. Added to his despair was now the deep remorse that he felt for both his own and the poor mother rabbit's situations—and she had said that she would assist him to freedom.

At this moment a great hope suddenly filled his breast. Jimmie knew the weak points of his traps, and he wondered if he could make the rabbit understand him. He resolved to try. There were two little white-pine strips inside of the box which held the door in place. Jimmie knew that the sharp teeth of the rabbit could easily gnaw these away in a few moments if she only knew about their weakness; so he told her about it as clearly as he could. A moment later he heard the sounds of vigorous gnawing, and in a very few minutes afterward the little door of the trap fell inward, and the way of egress was open.

The mother rabbit, with a glad pat of her back feet, hopped out, and quickly advancing toward little Jim, the trapper, she began with all her might to scratch the earth away from about the boy's shoulders, which she soon uncovered to the elbows, once more giving him the free use of his hands. In a few moments he again stood on the ground, free from the cold clasp of the earth. Then the mother rabbit sprang away through the forest toward the sedge field den to gladden the hearts of her little ones by her safe return.

Little Jim awoke and sat up in bed. He rubbed his eyes in order to think clearly, and at last he knew that it all had been a dream. But the boy hurriedly put on his clothes and went out to the rabbit pen behind the barn. He was thinking of his dream and of the parson's lecture the day before. With a strong resolution little Jim opened the door of the pen, and his four-footed prisoners were invited to come forth and once more go their ways in the full enjoyment of their freedom.

Nor was this all. Jimmie Dickson went around and collected his rabbit boxes, and Mrs. Dickson, the mother of Jim, kindled many kitchen fires with the fragments of those traps. The little trapper had learned a lesson through a dream which woke in his bosom kindliness toward all dumb creatures, which was ever afterward a ruling principle of his life.

A Self-tamed Muskrat.

That so shy an animal as a muskrat should of his own choice become tame seems strange. Yet this happened at the home of a neighbor of mine, whose boys liked pets.

The family lived on the banks of a stream where the water flowed swiftly, free from ice, until it emptied into the pond near by. Along the shores of the pond the muskrats each season built their huts. In winter they frequently swam about in the open stream, and the boys threw apples into the water for them.

At length one rat ventured to climb up the steep bank and prowl about the house. Not being molested in his visits, one night he crawled under the floor and gnawed through into the kitchen. After that he was the pet of the family.

He took food from the boys' hands and allowed them to stroke his fur. He did not object to being taken into their laps. He preferred, however, to lie behind the stove; there he would stay for hours. The hole he gnawed was boarded up and he was taught to come and go through the door. When he wished to come in, he scratched at the door. At night he sometimes proved troublesome. If no one answered his call, he crawled under the house and began gnawing a new hole.

A queer pet he proved. He was not nearly so quick on land as in water. When he walked across the floor, his long, scaly tail dragged noisily after him. His favorite food was apples. While eating he 'scooched' on his haunches and held the food in his paws. When he had eaten enough he pushed the rest into a dark corner.

In the spring he went away. What became of him they never knew.—'C. E. World.'

How Major Helps Himself.

Major is one of the steers on the farm. He is a Holstein, dehorned and fairly gentle. He is often turned out to pasture, but is not allowed to roam at will. A brass ring is placed in hisnostrils and tied to a rope, which is attached to an old waggon-wheel, to keep Major within bounds. The rope used is twenty feet long, and allows him but little liberty to browse.

To find new pasture, Major has been known to press his nose under the edge of the tire, forcing the wheel upright, thena over, moving it the length of the wheel's circumference. Again, Major lifts the wheel upright, he presses his nose down one of the spokes to the hub; now he fails to know what to do, then he balances the wheel against his nose, for a moment appearing in rather a dazed condition. When Major rubs his nose around one side of the hub the wheel rolls to one side, and sometimes he has to drop it. In a short time, however, the wheel is moved a few feet into better pasture. In this way Major is able to feed all he desires.—'C. E. World.'

TO ALL OUR BOY READERS.

If you read Page Ten of this issue, it should inspire you to big things. Many boys have made over $25.00 of clear profits for themselves from this month's sales alone. There is big money in the March Number.

Write us for full particulars, premium list, rates of commission, etc.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

The Tables Turned.

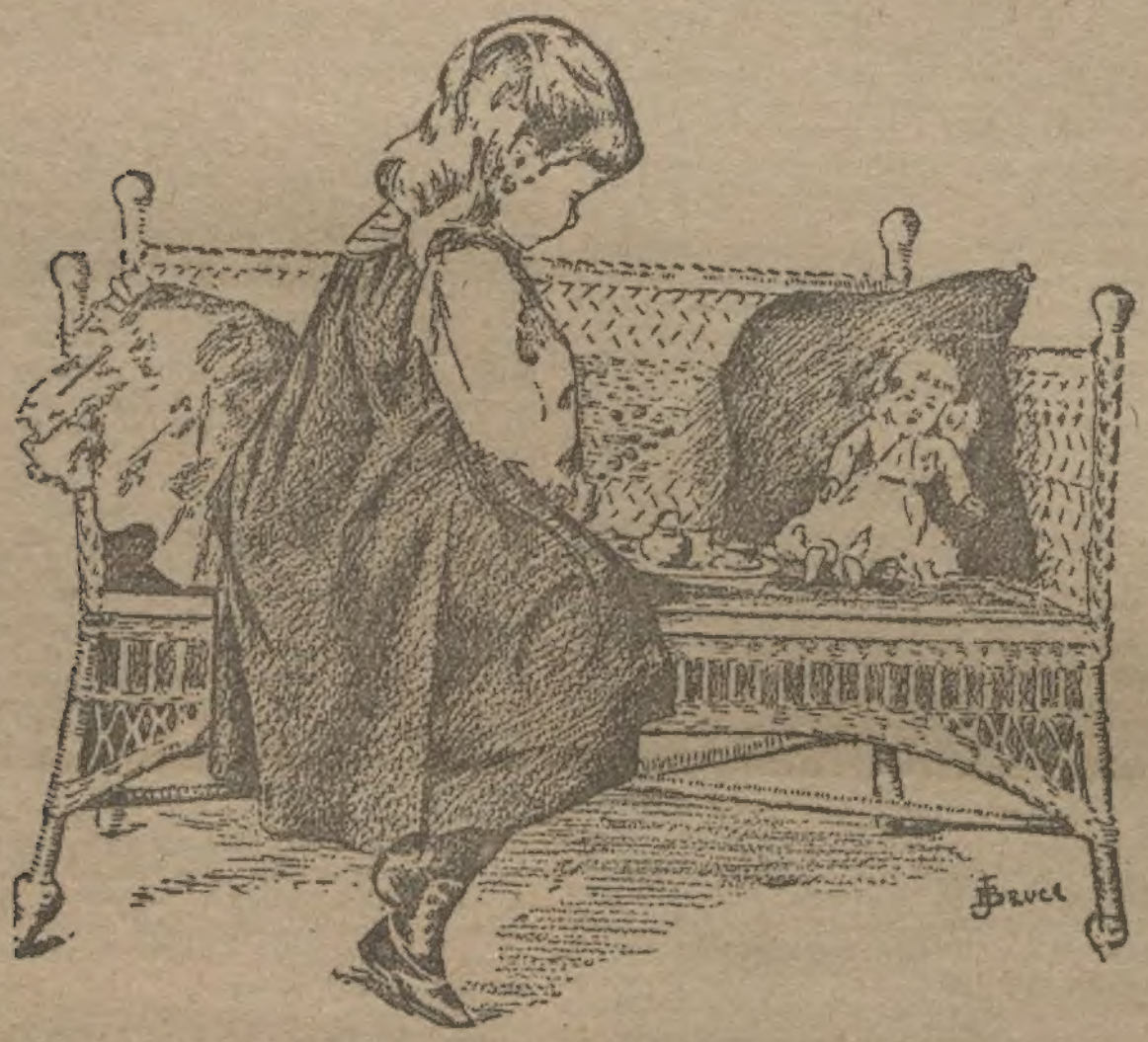
(Ally Phillott, in the 'Child's Hour.')

'Oh, mother! How I wish my dollies would suddenly become alive, and speak to me!' exclaimed Winifred Grey. 'It would be so delightful!'

'Do you think so?' said her mother. 'I fancy I should be rather startled if one of your dollies spoke; but there are dolls made with a phonograph inside them, to speak when they are wound up.'

'Oh, no, mother, I don't mean that! I mean "real, live, proper" speaking.'

'Well, I think your dollies are very nice as they are, darling. You would not like them any better if they became, what the Scotch people call, uncanny; which they certainly would do, if they spoke like human beings.'



'IT WOULD BE SO DELIGHTFUL.'

Mrs. Grey was just then called out of the room, so she left Winifred alone, curled up in a large armchair.

Presently she heard a rustling noise, and turning round, found her biggest doll, Molly, a huge creature with very red cheeks, and staring blue eyes, standing by her side. To her amazement, Winifred saw that Molly had suddenly grown to at least four times her natural size, while she herself had dwindled into a small creature, no bigger than a good-sized kitten.

'Now, then!' said Molly in a loud dictatorial voice, 'I'm going to undress you, and do your hair. Perhaps I shall give you a bath as well. I shall see!'

'Indeed, I shall not let you do anything of the kind!' said Winifred with great indignation. 'Who ever heard of a child being undressed, and bathed at this time in the afternoon?'

'We shall see,' answered Molly. 'I am mistress now, and you can't help yourself, whatever I do to you.'

With this she grabbed Winifred roughly round the waist, and lifted her up out of the armchair, in which she seated herself, with her victim sprawling helplessly on her lap, and proceeded to strip off her garments, in spite of all her struggles.

'How dare you!' sputtered Winifred, nearly choking with indignation. 'If you don't stop at once, I'll lock you in the toy cupboard for a month!'

'If "you" don't be quiet, I'll lock "you" in the toy cupboard,' returned Molly.

'Don't you see, I've become alive as you wished? And now I'm going to show you how it feels to be bundled about like a doll, at your owner's good will and pleasure.

'My goodness! How you have bundled me about sometimes!'

While she was speaking she had removed all Winifred's clothes. This done, she tucked her under her arm, head downward, and went to search in the cupboard for the bath and brush, and comb, but catching sight of a book, she immediately dropped her helpless virtim on the floor, and seating herself close by, became absorbed in a story, and forgot everything else.

It was a bitterly cold afternoon, and in spite of the warm fire, poor Winifred felt miserably chilled, and begged that she might be dressed again, but Molly appeared stone deaf, and only moved presently to go and reseat herself, with her absorbing book, in the armchair.

Then another doll, named Ettie, who had also increased immensely in size, came up to where Winifred lay sprawling, and picked her up, saying, Molly, if you have done playing with Winifred, I'm going to have her for a little while.'

'All right,' replied Molly, 'I don't want her; but do wash her face, it's downright grimy,' and she was immediately absorbed in her book again.

Ettie produced from the cupboard a slate sponge, very rough and gritty, with which she scrubbed Winifred's face, holding her meanwhile by her hair. Then she wiped it with a few rough dabs of her pocket handkerchief, which was anything but spotless clean. After that she dressed her in one or two ill-fitting garments, twisting and screwing her limbs carelessly about while she did so. Then came the hair dressing process, which was perhaps the most painful of any—for the cruel Ettie actually fastened the hair back with a pin run straight into the scalp.

'How dare you! How dare you!' shrieked the helpless Winifred. 'I "will" punish you for this!'

But Ettie took no notice and went on calmly amusing herself and torturing the poor victim.

Presently she looked out of the window, and seeing that the weather was brighter, she flung Winifred in the toy cupboard on a medley of boxes, trains, horses, carts, running tops, and all sorts of hard uncomfortable things, exclaiming, 'Come along, Molly! let's go outdoors for a game.'

Molly jumped up gleefully, and the pair rushed off together.

The time dragged slowly on. It seemed days since Mrs. Grey had left the room, and Winifred lay prone where Ettie had thrown her, getting colder and colder every minute, and longing intensely for her mother's return. At last she got so numbed and chill that her senses seemed to be going, when all at once she felt a touch on her arm, and heard her mother's voice, saying, 'Wake up, my pet! You have been fast asleep, and the fire is nearly out.'

'Oh, mother dear!' cried Winifred, jumping up, 'I have had a horrid dream? How glad I am to wake up and find it is not real.'

The Sparrow's Clock.

(Isla May Mullins, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

It did seem to be a very hard matter to get a certain little brown head and pair of sturdy feet of the Craig household started mornings. They were everywhere when once about, but to start them was the trouble.

Christmas was over, you know, and there was nothing interesting to wake up for; so Father Craig called, Mother Craig entreated, and Sister Sue pinched and tickled in vain.

Roy was always late to breakfast, and tumbled into his seat at school, spent and breathless, at the last moment, leaving behind him an equally spent and breathless household, which had finally succeeded in getting him off.

He was only seven years old, it was true, but Mother Craig said such tardiness would never do, for a boy who was tardy would grow into a tardy man.

She lay awake one morning, thinking about it, almost unhappy over it in spite of the bright sweep of sky which her window framed, and the gay

twitter of some sparrows, which had lately found a roosting-place in the vines above the window.

Suddenly she smiled a knowing mother smile.

That night, as she was putting the brown head to bed, no longer heavy, but alert and ready for new interests, she said:

'Roy, suppose we see if you cannot get up better mornings by Mrs. Sparrow's clock than by mother's.' They had talked about the Sparrow family in the vines.

'Mrs. Sparrow's clock!' exclaimed Roy. 'What do you mean, mother? Has she got a clock? Where does she keep it?'

'Yes,' said mother, 'her clock is the great big one that God put in the sky—the sun. She can tell by it just the time to get up mornings, and when she wakes she gives a soft "chirp! chirp!" and starts all her family stirring. Suppose we let her call you at the same time, and then you know you must bound right out of bed when she calls, just as the other birds do.'

'Oh, that will be fine, and I'll do it, I promise!' said Roy, and begged mother to be sure he was awake and ready for the first chirp from Mrs. Sparrow.

So she did, and that hitherto heavy brown head popped right up in bed.

'Has Mrs. Sparrow called?' he cried.

'Not yet,' said mother, 'but she will in just a minute,' and before she had finished speaking there came the soft 'chirp! chirp!' and then the merriest fluttering and twittering you ever heard, while Roy bounded out of bed.

Mother had sent the shade up to the window top, and Roy was so busy watching the Sparrow family make their toilet and hearing about them that he did not realize he was dressing, and by the time they were off for their breakfast, he was ready to go down to his.

In a few mornings he and the birds were racing, and after that, while wings fluttered and feathers were smoothing out, stockings and shoes, trousers and jacket were hustling on.

Sometimes the birds won, and flew gaily off after their breakfast, with cries of victory, Roy said. Sometimes he won, and went shouting down the stars, while on other good days it was a draw, and Roy bounded out and the birds flew off at the same time.

But Mrs. Sparrow's clock showed its face in the sky a little earlier each day, and by early spring it got him up so soon there was time to play outdoors before school, while those energetic Sparrows kept on rising earlier and earlier, just to beat him, Roy said, until at last—would you believe it?—they got up about four in the morning.

Then Roy had to gve up, but it was about vacation-time, and he said he did not care. Next winter he would go by their clock again, and beat them, too.

Premiums! Premiums!!

SET OF TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

Handsome set of three combs, extra strong, rich brown tortoise, ornamented with brilliants.

Given for ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

John Dougall & Son,
'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Kitty's Picture.

I took my kitten yesterday
To have her picture made.
They wanted me to hold her still,
Because she was afraid.
I never had my picture took,
Because I always cry
When it begins to stare at me,—
That awful camera's eye!

My kitty wiggled all about,
And stood upon her head,
And I forgot the camera,
Until 'All done!' they said.
But when the picture came, it was
The queerest thing! You see,
The kitten didn't show at all,
The picture was of me!

—Abbie Farwell Brown, in 'A Pocketful of Posies.'

Who Told?

(S. Jennie Smith, in the 'M. C. Advocate.')

Among the pictures in the photograph album was one that Teddy and Joey always liked to show to company. They turned to that first one every time.

'See! here it is!' Teddy would cry out. 'Do you know who it is?'

'Now, don't tell,' Joey would warn him. 'Let them guess. See, they're playing ball and somebody took their pictures. I don't know the boys that are sitting down, but this one here that's going to pitch the ball is somebody we know. Now don't tell, Teddy.'

One day they were showing the pictures to a lady friend, and she said: 'It can't be Teddy, because he's too young.'

'And it can't be me,' Joey added, 'because I'm not so big as that yet, and that picture was taken a long time ago, when my—there! I almost told.'

'So you did,' said Teddy, 'you must be careful.'

'And you must be careful, too, Teddy.'

Then both the little boys coaxed the visitor to guess.

'If you guessed the very nicest man in the whole world, then you'd be right,' said Joey.

'Yes,' went on Teddy, 'and he was the nicest boy, too, grandma says. All the boys used to like to play with him because he wouldn't do anything mean or quarrel, and he was such a good ball player that everybody wanted him.'

'And I'm named after him,' said Joey, 'only he's mostly been called Joe.'

'And he don't play ball now because he's got to s'port a wife and two little boys,' came from Teddy.

'I wonder if it could be your papa?' the lady then said with a smile.

'Oh, who told you?' the boys cried out together.

'Nobody. I guessed, you see.'

Then Teddy and Joey clapped their hands and looked very proud of their papa's picture.

'We want to be like papa, don't we, Joey?' asked Teddy.

And Joey answered: 'Of course we do.'

To the Little People.

So come and listen to me.
Dear little people I love so well,
Wherever your place may be;
When I was a child, in a little town,
Oh, ever so far away,
A beautiful spirit came floating down,
And whispered to me one day:

'There's a secret,' the beautiful spirit said,
'That even a child may know,
And they who know it are gladly led
Wherever their feet may go.

'So sweet and simple the secret is,
Yet people are slow to learn,
And away from the pathway that leads to bliss
Their lingering faces turn.

'So the little children must show them how
The happier way to choose,
For the hearts that are tender and loving now
Will never the lesson lose.

'And this is the wonderful secret: Live
For nothing but love each day—
Not for love to keep, but for love to give—
Forever to give away.

'There is no life upon earth so poor,
But love it may give full well,
And the joy of living is deep and sure,
And richer than tongue can tell.

'To sweeten life as we meet and part,
We need but remember this:
To carry always a tender heart
For the tiniest thing that is.

'The wider the circle of love we make
The happier life we live,
And the more we give for another's sake,
The more we shall have to give.

'So let us widen it day by day,
By loving a little more,
Till nothing living be shut away
From a share in the heavenly store.'

—Allison Gardner Deering, in 'Our Dumb Animals.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

CANADA'S WINTER CARNIVAL

ICE PALACE ILLUMINATED AND BOMBARDED BY SNOWSHOERS.

The biggest crowd that has ever been seen in Montreal, estimated at about 150,000 people, gathered on Fletcher's Field to witness the storming of the ice palace by snowshoers descending from the mountain.

The scene in the city, at the massing of the snowshoers, was picturesque in the extreme. It was such as could be witnessed in no other part of the world, and it was in itself well worth coming a long way to behold, as many visitors were heard to declare. Over two thousand members of the different snowshoe clubs turned out for the procession.

Clad in their multi-colored blanket costumes, with tuques and sashes, moccasins and snowshoes, they made a brilliant sight, and the last touch of local color was added by the singing of French-Canadian folksongs.

Hundreds of torches were carried, and the red and smoky flare of light in which these enveloped the procession enabled the people in the city to trace the progress of this attacking army as it scaled the snowy heights of the mountain and prepared for the descent on the ice palace.

THE ATTACK BEGINS.

Meanwhile there was another massing—a massing on Fletcher's Field—of what must have been one-fourth of all the huge population of the city, with many strangers from near and far. They, too, could see the flare of light from the snowshoe procession winding its way up the mountain. Presently the dim forms of the attacking host could clearly be distinguished in a big blaze from the combined torches as they gathered in a dense mass at the lookout. Here the torches were exchanged for fireworks, with which to bombard the castle.

Immediately the flare of the torches died out, and the attack began. Across the mountain top and down the slopes came the besiegers, their progress marked out by an incessant blaze of Roman candles spurting out balls of fire—red and blue and green. So vivid and incessant was the discharge of these balls of fire that the mountain heights were lit up in an incessant glare of dancing color, enabling the dark forms of the besiegers to be distinguished against the background of snow as they made their way down through the woods.

PALACE A GLOWING JEWEL.

With startling suddenness the defence of the ice palace began. There was a deep cannon-like boom, and immediately the sky above the palace was ripped into ribbons of flame, succeeded by the detonations of shells far up in the air, and the spreading out of great mushrooms of colored stars, slowly falling and dying out over the crowd.

And look! The pale, wan shape of the ice palace, a mere ghost of a building only dimly to be discerned in the shadowy mystery of the night, has become transformed. In the twinkling of an eye it has changed from a shadow to a huge reality—yet a reality of such strange and glowing beauty that it seems as though the curtain of the night had been lifted to have a glimpse into some celestial fairyland.

This astonishing effect was produced by lighting up the interior of the castle and its towers with intense colored fires, which shone through the ice walls and made them sparkle and glow like molten metal. The great arched gateways, protected by portcullis, the huge walls of the palace keep, the towers sharply defined against the deep velvety indigo of the sky—all these burned in a myriad facets of red light, liquid in its softness, ruby-like in its depth and glow. Then the light changed to golden, and then to blue and green as colored fire succeeded colored fire in the heart of this big living jewel. It was a sight of surpassing loveliness, far more beautiful than anything the Carnival Committee could have anticipated.

CROWD SINGS 'THE HOLY CITY.'

The effect on the crowd was in itself one of the wonders of this wonderful night. Just as sounds may be woven into marvellous melodies that clutch at the heart-strings, so here fire and color was allied to the mystery of the night in such an entrancing combination that people were lifted out of themselves. They gazed not so much with wonder as with reverence at this fairyland castle outlined in the deep glow of velvety color against the equally deep and velvety blue of the sky, itself torn with pathways of innumerable rockets bursting high above in enormous showers of colored stars. Actually, a large section of the crowd began to sing. The air was not the popular jingle of a music-hall song, but solemn and reverent as an anthem. And here were the words that were wafted upon the icy wind:

'Last night I lay a-sleeping,
I had a dream so fair;
I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the Temple there . . . .'

Imagine it! A big crowd at a carnival, out for a night of sight-seeing and jollity, singing 'The Holy City.' Why, it might be some great religious demonstration. The ruby light of the glowing castle changes to golden. Hark at the crowd:

'. . . . Once again the scene was changed,
New earth there seemed to be,—
I saw the Holy City
Beside the tideless sea. . . . . '

THE START OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

The castle fades again to a wan shadow. The curtain of the night has been dropped upon the strange scene, and the song dies down. The snowshoers, now all descended from the mountain heights, surround the castle and light it from the outside with their Roman candles. From every side the castle is bombarded with balls of colored fire.

This is responded to from the inside by batteries of Roman candles shooting up fan-shaped, volleys of stars, columns of stars, cloud of stars, until the air is like a sea of darting, glittering points. Then come fountains and rivers of golden fire descending the castle walls. Then more batteries of stars, trees of stars, bunches of stars, and all the while, great, fiery conflagrations within the castle, sending up clouds of smoke to envelop the whole and reflect in the intense glare of color from below.

A particularly striking feature was what was called 'the curtain of electric dust' a Niagara of silvery fire that for the moment made the colored fires look dim. Whilst this feature lasted the great crowd of spectators was lit up as if the sun shone on them. Towards the end the firing became furiously fast, and to add to the effect mines exploded, to add volcanic-like eruptions to the fiery wonders of the night. Thousands of detonations ranging from rifle-like crackling to the deep boom of a cannon, kept up an incessant accompaniment to the spectacle, whilst in the upper sky the big bomb shells and rockets continued to burst at intervals, spreading clouds of stars of every hue over the glittering spectacle below. The whole thing was beautiful beyond expectation.

THE CARNIVAL SOUVENIR—'BEAUTIFUL!' 'WONDERFUL!' 'SPLENDID!'—AN AVALANCHE OF ORDERS.

Having been officially appointed by the Carnival Committee to produce a Souvenir worthy of the great event and worthy of Canada, the 'Canadian Pictorial' grought out its first edition of its Carnival Number the very day the Carnival opened. And a crowd of dealers who had long waited for the sale to open struggled and fought for their supply. Ever since then the race between supply and demand has been most exciting—the supply running its hardest could never catch up with the demand. City dealers and newsboys all agree that they never knew anything to sell like it before. Other carnival numbers issued by other publishers could only be sold at such times as the stock of 'Canadian Pictorial' Carnival Numbers was exhausted.

Everybody wanted the 'Canadian Pictorial,' and wanted nothing else. By long distance telephone, telegraph and special delivery letters urgent orders poured in from all parts of Canada and the United States from dealers and even individuals wanting hundreds of copies, and in a frenzy lest their orders should be too late. And it has been a matter of bitter disappointment to all concerned that the February edition was exhausted before the full demand could be supplied. Indeed an edition of one hundred thousand copies of the February edition of the 'Canadian Pictorial' could still be disposed of could they be printed in time. But there is always a limit to everything. The publishers of the 'Canadian Pictorial' did their best. Besides working their own large and splendid printing plant day and night they engaged every available press in Montreal to help in the production of the 'Canadian Pictorial' for February. But soon it was not only a matter of printing, but of paper. Their own immense stock was quickly used up and large repeat orders were wired to the paper mills. It takes time to make such fine paper as that used by the 'Canadian Pictorial.' Other mills helped and a large shipment of fine paper from England arrived in time to help out at the end. But even with all this paper, carload after carload, and after all available paper in the great wholesale houses of the city had been snapped up and made into 'Canadian Pictorials' the actual orders lodged in excess of the supply aggregated some fifty thousand copies—up to the time of writing—and this in spite of the most strenuous struggle that ever was demanded of any Canadian publishing house.

But the March issue will in some ways be better still.

The February issue was closed before the Carnival began. It was made up largely of other pictures. The March Number will contain pictures of the actual Carnival itself. Several of the pictures will be fine for framing, and among them that splendid copyrighted picture entitled:

'STORMING THE ICE CASTLE,'

which should be framed and hung up in every home in Canada. There have been some 'faked pictures' of this event, but the copyright picture that will be issued with the March Number of the 'Canadian Pictorial' is the only authentic picture of the scene of wondrous beauty that has been published.

As in the case of the Feburary number, this number will also be fifteen cents a copy post paid. And all orders accompanied by cash, and sent in promptly will be filled in rotation as received.

Surely every one will want copies for themselves and distant friends.

The Canadian Pictorial MARCH ISSUE

WILL BE THE

CARNIVAL NUMBER No. 2.

The first Carnival Number issued in February, before the Carnival began, had of course no pictures of the actual events of the Carnival, excepting one which was inserted toward the end of the sale of the February issue.

The second and final Carnival number will contain pictures actually taken and made during the progress of the Carnival, and will, therefore, give a more real idea of the Carnival as it actually was. This will in many ways be a more effective number than the February issue, and the demand will probably again exceed the supply. The price will be

15 CENTS A COPY (Postpaid).

(CASH WITH ORDERS)

If you want copies for yourselves and friends, better remit at once. All orders sent with cash within a week of this date, will be filled, or money promptly returned.

☞ Annual Subscriptions at one dollar will include this and other special issues to be published during the year. Better subscribe now.

PICTORIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
'Witness' Block, Montreal.

The moderate tone of the above advertisement will be appreciated when it is stated that, when the sale of the February number was not more than half over, the following were among the sales reported by a few out of scores of individual news agents in Montreal alone: Peter Murphy, 3,000; A. T. Chapman, 1,000; W. J. Clarke, 800; Mrs. Wallack, 750; Sammett, 750; Moglowsky, 750; F. L. Phelan, 700; Miss Milloy, 700; A. Benjamin, 600; Mrs. Cohen, 600; Levi, 500. Of course these orders are exclusive of those sent in by the large news companies, with agencies in all the cities and towns, whose orders ran into the thousands, and were only limited because further production was impossible. During the latter days of the Montreal sale newsboys readily sold the Carnival number on the street at twenty-five cents a copy. And doubtless the value will rapidly increase for such copies as are preserved intact so that they will be held at dollars, instead of cents.

Thoroughly Cooked Food

ALL cereals should be thoroughly cooked to get the best results for food purposes. In our Canadian Agricultural Colleges they have tested the effect of cooking on the solubility of foods:

Read this table:

ROLLED OATS	P.C. Solids Soluble in Water.	WHEAT FLOUR	P. C. Solids Soluble in Water.
Time Cooked.		Time Cooked.	
Uncooked	8.43	Uncooked	6.97
30 minutes	14.95	20 minutes	37.40
2 hours	18.79	2 hours	37.19
5 hours	29.93	5 hours	38.37
8 hours	31.30	8 hours	39.93

You will notice the gradual rise in percentage due to long cooking. Very few homes are equipped to spend the time or fuel necessary to properly prepare cereals. By a system of steam pressure and heavy machinery the ORANGE MEAT people thoroughly clean and steam cook the wheat, then malt and flake each grain, after which it is dried and toasted. This produces the largest percentage of solubility; a process totally impossible in the ordinary kitchen.

..HOUSEHOLD..

Household Hints.

A lump of white sugar put into the saucepan in which green vegetables are boiling will, it is said, preserve their color better than soda.

To prevent windows from steaming clean them thoroughly and apply a small quantity of glycerine over the polish with a soft cloth. Rub briskly and lightly until the glycerine is well rubbed in.

To avoid breaking or cracking glass or delicate china cup or bowl, place a silver spoon in the dish before pouring in the liquid. The spoon will serve as a conductor of the heat.

Don't close the oven door with a bang when cake is baking; the jar has spoiled many a fine loaf.

A few drops of ammonia in water will take off grease from dishes; a spoonful in a quart of warm water for cleaning paint makes it look like new.

Kerosene oil and whiting mixed will remove iron rust. This combination will also clean tins perfectly, and will remove stains from porcelain baking dishes.

On the Other Side.

A happy home suddenly became sad, the light grew dark, for the joy of the whole house—baby—was dead.

In the evening the children gathered round their tearful mother; they were all sorrowful, and wondering, as little ones are when such grief comes.

'Mother,' said one, 'you took care of baby when she was here, and you carried her in your arms all the time she was ill: but who took her on the other side?'

'On the other side of what, dear child?'

'On the other side of death. Who took baby on the other side? she was so little, she could not go alone?'

Then answered the mother, 'Jesus met her there—He who took little children in His arms, and blessed them;' and she told them the story of Jesus, and His love for the little ones.—'Sunday Reading.'

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ½-lb. and ¼-lb Tins.

COULDN'T GO TO SCHOOL

For some reason or other, and so have a very poor education. If so, write to-day for particulars about our Beginners Course, just meant for you. It starts you at the beginning in Arithmetic, Spelling, Composition, Penmanship, etc., and gives a thorough training in the most important subjects.

Commercial work, Matriculation, Mechanical Drawing, Steam Engineering, and over 150 other subjects. Ask for what you need.

Address as below to Dept. N, Toronto, Canada.

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1. Cook Book, 700 Recipes. 2. Fancy Work Manual.
3. Knitting and Lace Making 4. Modern Etiquette.
5. Poultry Keeper. 6. Family Doctor Book
7. Etiquette of Courtship. 8. Home Amusements.
Useful Novelties Co., Dept. N. Toronto, Canada.
1371

Church Chime Peal BELLS Memorial Bells a Specialty
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY CO., BALTIMORE, MD., U.S.A.

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY.
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
(Strictly in Advance).

Single Copies	$ .40 a year
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